

The Joke by hvss

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Summary:

“A joke that should have stayed a joke but despite that, it started a riot inside him.”

Eddie has a reaction to hearing Richie joke about being married.

The Joke

Author's Note:

i wrote this in the span of two hours because i logged into tumblr and saw a gif set. eddie's reaction will always get me thinking. anyways enjoy. sorry for any grammar or spelling mistakes.

Eddie knocks on Richie's door and in the next second, the door flies open.

"I just... have something to say." Eddie whispers as he pushes past him and slides inside his room. He turns and tries very hard to sort out of his thoughts.

Richie is just standing there confused, "What's wrong Eds?"

The thing is Eddie didn't exactly know what was wrong. They just got back from the dinner with the losers. They all agreed to try and help kill Pennywise. He just remembered that stupid clown. He just remembered Richie. It was a lot. So perhaps everything was wrong. But there was one thing that was more wrong than any other thing. Richie's joke.

Now Richie has always been like this with him, he's always kept Eddie on the edge. His jokes had always been crude and gross. For the most part Eddie found them hilarious. But this joke.. wasn't funny.

The joke was that Richie was married. The punchline that followed was that he was married to his mom. That part Eddie could see why it was comical. But the first part of the joke.. it really stirred something in Eddie.

He can't figure it out though. And the thing is he doesn't think he has time to figure it out. They're supposed to pack their shit and go. But despite the looming threat of a killer clown, he has to figure this out.

When Richie told Eddie he was married for that minute he felt like

the world has turned upside down. A thousand things went through his mind.

First and foremost who did he get married to? Who? Who was the woman he married? Was she gorgeous? Was she one of those blondes Richie was always raving about back when they were kids? Who the hell was this woman?

A more obscure thought was.. what if it wasn't a woman... what if it was a man? Eddie wasn't oblivious. He remembers all the rumors about Richie being gay. What if Richie was married to a man? Then that brought some even worse feeling.

It would be worse if it was a man. Not because Eddie was homophobic. No. That wasn't it. But because Richie would be with a man. A probably handsome, beautiful man. And every time Eddie pictures that he can't breath.

He can't breath and he feels some intense pressure on his chest. Like if someone was stepping on him. He reaches for his inhaler but for the first time in his life, he doesn't think that would do any good.

"Eds... can you talk to me?" Richie touches his arm delicately and Eddie flinches. The taller man eyes widened and he raises his hand cautiously, "Hey.. Eddie? What's going on?"

Eddie is brought from his own head back to the present for a second before he's succumbing back into his thoughts.

Eddie pictures Richie happily asking a man to marry him. He pictures just how happy he would have looked during the wedding. He'd probably would write funny anecdotes as his bows. Richie would probably love this man so much that he'd throw the most expensive wedding following a tropical honeymoon getaway.

He feels his knees give out just thinking of that, of all those possibilities. Richie married. Married Richie. Richie belonging to someone else officially, by law.

"Jesus Eddie!" He hears Richie exclaims and feels him wrap his strong arms around him. Eddie gasps as he's brought down on a bed.

He's back in the townhouse in Richie's room. Richie is standing next to the bed looking so worried.

"What the fuck happened dude?" Richie asks, voice laced with concern.

Eddie sits up slowly, his head ringing a bit. He looks up at Richie and just blurts out what's he's thinking. "You can't be married."

Richie's eyebrows furrow and now he looks even more confused. "What?"

Eddie swallows, "You can't be married. You can't get married."

"I'm not... I was just joking. How the fuck do you think I was being serious about marrying your mom Eddie?" Richie reasons.

Eddie shakes his head, "I know that! But I'm telling you that you can't be married. And you can't get married."

Eddie's common sense has flown out of the window. Completely out. He doesn't know why he can't stop saying those words.

"What?" Richie frowns, "I can't get married? I can't be married? Why? Did that clown say something?"

Eddie shakes his head again, "No. I'm saying it. You're not allowed to get married to someone."

Richie eyes widened behind his thick frames glasses at that statement, "W-What? Why the fuck am I not allowed to get married?"

"You can't." Eddie huffs and wishes Richie would just listen and stop asking questions.

"Who said that? Did fucking Pennywise say that? Are you remembering something I'm not?!" Richie asks, his hands starting to visibly shake as he rubs his temple.

"I SAID THAT! I'm saying it! Me!" Eddie snaps at him, "You cannot be fucking married!"

Richie opens his mouth a couple times to say something but nothing came out. He shakes his head and squeaks out a, "Why?"

"You can't marry anyone Richie! You just fucking can't!" Eddie says exasperated that he has to explain his reasoning when he doesn't even know what the fuck is his reasoning.

"What the fuck dude?" Richie snaps back at him, "Why do you even fucking care?!"

"Because if you're married then... then..." Eddie can't finish that sentence. He can't let himself have these thoughts.

"Then what?!" Richie asks glaring at Eddie.

"Why does it even matter? I'm asking you not to be married! Why isn't that enough?"

"You're not making any fucking sense Eddie! Did you see me die when I get married? Did something bad happened when I get married? Did that clown put shit in your head? Fucking explaining it to me!"

Eddie feels tears escape his eyes as his brain finally stops running around a thousand miles per hour. He realizes what he always needed to realize.

"Shit. Sorry, I didn't mean to raise my voice, I'm just frustrated Eddie. You're not making any sense please talk to me!" Richie sits next to him on the bed and looks at him pleadingly.

Eddie tries to blink the tears away but he can't. "Pennywise has... nothing to do with this."

Richie nods, "Ok then... why?"

"I-I..." Eddie starts but he stops. He looks at his ring. His wedding band. He was married. He was fucking married. And here he was about to say these words to Richie.

Someone who made a fucking joke just to tease him. A joke that should have stayed a joke but despite that, it started a riot inside

him.

“Because I couldn’t bear it.” Eddie whispers and watches as Richie’s face goes through a journey of different expressions.

After a couple moments of silence Richie speaks out, voice low. “Why?”

“Because...” Eddie snuffles and swipes at his tears again. “I love you.”

Whatever reaction he thought he’d get, this was not it. Richie stood up from the bed and started pacing.

“Fuck!” Richie exclaims, “You... you..” He exhales sharply and turns around staring right at Eddie. “You’re the one who’s married!” He raises an accusatory finger at him, “You are the one who’s wearing a wedding band! You are the one who is actually fucking married Eddie! We forgot about each other! Fine. That happened. But you actually got fucking married! You actually went through it! And just because I made that fucking joke... just because for a few seconds you thought I was actually married.. you have a fucking breakdown?!”

Eddie stomach turns over and he feels like he could have an asthma attack. But again, he doesn’t reach for his inhaler. “I’m... I’m sorry.”

“Sorry?! You’re fucking sorry?! For what? For forgetting me? For saying that you love me?!” Richie snaps at him, “What exactly are you sorry for Eddie?!”

When Eddie doesn’t answer, Richie continues his furious rant.

“You got married Eddie! Do you know what the fuck that did to me?! Do you know that I had to get fucking drunk to even dare to ask?! I saw that wedding band the minute we sat down and I almost excused myself and left! Forget for over 20 years and in the first minute of me remembering you and remembering all of my feelings I realize that you are fucking married! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW HEARTBROKEN I AM?!”

Eddie gasps and stands up, reaching for Richie. “Rich...”

Richie moves away from him, “No! Eddie, don’t! I can’t believe this is

how I find out you also have feelings for me! With a fit of jealousy! So what the big plan Eddie?!" He crosses his arms, "You tell me that and what? Keep me from getting married to anyone while you're off with your fucking wife?"

Eddie shakes his head, "No Richie! That's not..."

He stops because what was his endgame here? What was the point of telling Richie his feelings when he had no endgame? What if they defeated the stupid clown? Then what? What was Eddie going to do?

"Despite how I feel about you, and if we defeat this stupid clown, I will not be your gay lover on the side." Richie growls at him, "So if that was your fucking plan, you can get the hell out of my room!"

"No Richie! Fuck! Just let me.." Eddie breaths out, "I didn't have a fucking plan okay? I wasn't even supposed to tell you this! Fuck I'm not even sure I even knew before I came into your room. All I knew is that I couldn't bare the thought of you marrying someone. And I had a fucking breakdown about it that made me realize how madly in love I am with you. So no. I don't have a plan! I don't know what to do!"

Richie stares at him and contemplates his answer. He nods and swallows hard, "Fair enough." He crosses the room and opens his door.

"Richie I-" Eddie starts but stops when Richie holds a hand up for him.

"You have to a make decision Eddie. Not me." Richie says, "I can't help you. We've had a long night, I think it's best we both get some sleep."

Eddie nods and wordlessly walks out of his room. He stops and reaches over, sliding his hand on his shoulder. "Good night."

He gets a sad look from Richie and he backs away, going straight to his room where he had things to go contemplate.

Author's Note:

hope you enjoyed it! please be kind if you leave a comment.